

# OCALA EVENING STAR

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

BITTINGER & CARROLL, PROPRIETORS  
H. R. Carroll, General Manager Port V. Leavengood, Business Manager  
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Entered at Ocala, Fla., Postoffice as second class matter.

PHONE 51

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Domestic)	(Foreign)
One year, in advance..... \$5.00	One year, in advance..... \$8.00
Six months, in advance..... 2.50	Six months, in advance..... 4.25
Three months, in advance..... 1.25	Three months, in advance..... 2.25
One month, in advance..... .50	One month, in advance..... .80

## MARION COUNTY MUCHLY MISREPRESENTED

Last year, the always enterprising Tampa Tribune, issued a special edition for Marion county, and in order to compile the same sent one of its clever young men, Mr. Gilbert D. Leach, to Ocala to obtain data. Mr. Leach, like a wise man, made a bee line for the headquarters of information, the Marion County Board of Trade, and found a willing and efficient helper in Secretary Rooney. It happened that just at that time Mr. Rooney was preparing the "follow-up" booklet for "Facts and Photos." He and Mr. Leach collaborated—together, they visited all parts of Marion county and obtained large stores of useful information, to be used by both, by Mr. Leach, in the Tribune special edition, and by Mr. Rooney in the booklet. The Tribune special edition came out first, simply because the Tribune was better equipped for speedy printing than Rooney. When the booklet was published later, there was in it a considerable amount of matter that had already been in the Tribune, but was not credited to the Tribune for the good and sufficient reason that Mr. Rooney, having obtained it himself, did not see any reason why he should credit it to anyone else.

Shortly after, Mr. Rooney and his friends here were much surprised to see in the Tribune a criticism on the booklet, in which the Tribune commented on so much of it being made up from the Tribune's special edition, and inquired with some asperity why it was not credited, to which very unjust attack, Mr. Rooney made an ample explanation, which has so far not been acknowledged by the Tribune.

On the first of March, the Tribune printed its year book, a handsome and mostly very correct magazine, containing among other good things a page write-up of Marion county. The Star, impressed with the general good looks of this fine-looking publication, and in view of the Tribune's usual accuracy, gave it favorable

mention without stopping to analyze it.

It was not very long after that we began to hear complaints as to some of the year book's statements, and taking time the other day, took over the table printed in the Marion county page we found a glaring list of errors, the publication of which is a libel on our county.

These figures were from the report of the Florida Agricultural Department, and the only explanation for the way they were mixed up is that they were "railroaded" into print without any proof reading.

The first statement in the table is: "Corn, 10,757 acres; 1170 bushels, \$101,556."

The proper figures would have given a yield of 131,170 bushels of corn. Such an error is obviously an error; the trouble is the reader has no way of deciding what the real yield is.

Next is: "Sea Island cotton, 513 acres, 371 bales; value \$22,200."

The correct figures are, 5136 acres, 1277 bales, \$132,140.

Following is: "Upland cotton, 1125 acres, 1277 bales, \$132,140."

The correct figures are, 1125 acres, 371 bales, \$22,200.

Another big misstatement is in regard to oranges, which is, "Number of trees, 71,170; boxes, 9850; value, \$195,450."

The correct figures are, 71,170 trees, 149,850 boxes; \$195,450.

Misstatements are made in regard to oats, sweet potatoes, peanuts, velvet beans, lettuce, cabbage, tomatoes, eggplant, cucumbers, cantaloupes, beans and grapefruit—60 per cent of the items.

The entire table in fact is such a mass of glaring errors that we do not see how any linotype operator could have set them, unless he was drunk, and if it ever went under the eyes of a proof reader, he must have been drunk also; or else his corrections were entirely disregarded.

It is the Star's opinion that its up to the Tribune to apologize to Mr. Rooney for its unjust criticism, and for it to explain and correct the mangling of the figures in its year book.

## BOARD OF TRADE

Special Meeting of this Important Commercial Body will be Held Friday Evening

A special meeting of the Board of Trade will be held Friday evening. Matters of importance are to be considered and all members are urged to be present.

## A TOAST TO OCALA

At the banquet given to the delegates to the State Good Roads Association in St. Petersburg, Mr. J. D. Rooney made the following response to the toast, "Ocala, Marion County."

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Brick City, the progressive city—Ocala, one of the interesting and hospitable cities of the South. Its marvelous growth is attributable largely to the excellence of Marion county soil, but more to the character of its loyal citizenship.

Beautifully located and splendidly surrounded, Ocala is the inviting field of new capital; the ideal city for home life; hospitable always with open arms to the deserving, giving inducements to those who seek relief from the icy blasts of the north. The people who have made Ocala stand by its morals and gentle manners; a community of law-abiding citizens. When the interests of Ocala are at stake the progressive men stand united; political prejudices vanish when their future is involved.

Her educational and religious institutions creditably reflect her progressive spirit and advancement. Her Women's Club is active and progressive, being engaged in all laudable movements of civic uplift.

Marion county was created in 1843. It is 38 miles north and south by 54 miles east and west, with 45 townships and 1,043,424 acres. Ocala, the county site, is geographically the center of our great state; Marion county has more miles of good roads than any county in Florida.

We fully realize that the fundamental principles of government and prosperity rest on the county, state or nation, that are demonstrating their right of recognition by the policies of development they are upholding and contending for. Take then those that are besting the best on good roads, there you will find intelligence, progress, advanced thought and higher ideals.

Thus you find Ocala, the Brick City, Marion the banner agricultural county. I thank you.

## CANNING CLUB WORK

At the agents meeting recently held in Tallahassee the matter of adopting a uniform for the canning club girls was an interesting topic under discussion. As is usually the case the subject of dress held full sway for some time and was finally disposed of by adopting just such a suit as is required to set off the natural beauty of our Florida girls.

Blue was the color chosen for the dress, which with white collar, cap and apron make a servicable and dainty costume.

Now there are all sorts and shades of blue, so in order to have them all alike I have selected a pretty clear blue, neither dark nor light, but a soft blue that will be suited to all alike and I am mailing samples to each of my girls in order that all may be alike. I have asked Mr. Helveston to order several bolts so as to supply the demand. Each girl will get her dress goods and white goods for cap and apron. Do this as early as possible for I want to help my girls make up their uniforms, now with more than one hundred girls on my list the question may be asked how can it be done—the answer is both simple and delightful. We will meet in groups from time to time in different parts of the county and have a day of cutting, fitting and sewing in this way the girls get the benefit of instruction in sewing and before they realize it their uniforms are made by themselves.

Canning club girls have more talents than just in the art of canning, and from time to time we will have classes in many of the things that go to make home more attractive and to make smarter women. Right here I wish to call attention to the great advantage of regularly organized clubs. In this way the girls work more in union with each other, their work is not recognized as a hardship, but as a profitable pleasure. Club or team work is recognized all over the country as the best means of obtaining results, and I find already that in the schools of Marion county where clubs have been regularly organized and the teacher is inclined to be interested, the club members themselves are more interested and are of course equally interested in the progress of other club members. I am delighted to know that some of our teachers are doing all in their power to encourage and help this splendid work in their schools, two of our resident teachers are doing regular club work along with the other members.

The canning club girls are looking forward to some practical lessons along the lines of domestic science during the year. They will meet in the same way as for their sewing and spend the day in learning how to prepare some dish that will be a relish to the family and a help to mother. In view of this work it will of course be necessary for me to carry an outfit consisting of oil or gasoline stove, small dishes, measures—in fact a complete outfit for giving the lesson as planned. One club which meets once a month has decided to have class meetings and prepare their refreshments at the home where meeting is held, thus taking a lesson and entertaining at the same time. There are so many pleasant features connected with the work of the canning club girls and really they seem to realize the fact more fully than ever. I must not fail to mention the fact that there are a number of fine boys in my canning club membership and we have reason to expect some good work this year. It is true the frost did some damage, but by the aid of organization and cooperation of our girls and boys, Marion will come out with her full share of honors.

Caroline H. Moorehead.

## CHOICE SMALL HAMS FOR SALE

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## RUNAWAY JUNE BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

(Continued from Yesterday)

I DON'T KNOW. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her."

"We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"Then that's where she is!" There was relief in Ned's voice.

"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?"

"I don't know." There was a choke in Ned's voice. "She left me on the train—slipped away at Farnville."

"She wouldn't do such a thing without a cause," declared Mrs. Moore.

"What caused it?" This sharply from Moore.

"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pilloved her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I dropped in to look at her about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had passed Farnville she was gone. She left the money on the seat. Here it is." And he showed them the three crumpled bills, one partly torn.

"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.

"I saw her. I got off at the next station and telephoned. The station master at Farnville reported that he saw her getting on a down train. I took an express and overhauled her as we came into the Grand Central station. I saw her leave the station and get into a taxi."

"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!"

"You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"Will you get your wraps, please, Charlotte?" June's father finally said, and rose. "We are going to Iris. I'll order the car."

They were grim and silent as they sped away.

While they rode the black Vandyked man, in Sherry's, sat at the end of a long table between a jovial host with a gray mustache and a ponderous man with heavily lidded eyes and short hair.

There were a dozen placed at the table, and wine flowed at every plate, but the others of the party, which included a half dozen vivacious and gaily gowning young women, were dancing. The three men talked in low tones, their heads bent together, and the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grew enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch. Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent eagerly over it. They gazed upon the lovely features of the runaway bride, their faces bent close together. They clapped the black Vandyked man on the shoulder.

It was during this time that June Warner, sitting quietly in a corner of the library with Bobbie and Iris and with her mother's purse still in her hand, heard a familiar voice in the vestibule.

"Daddy!" She dashed from her chair in a flush and went upstairs to her room.

"Where's June?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the men.

John Moore walked straight to Bobbie Blethier and shook an awe in his spine fingers at that young man.

"Where's my girl?" he demanded.

"Bobbie slowly straightened.

"Well, she's here," he said. "What of it?"

"I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of you just yet, and she won't!"

"Iris," begged Mrs. Moore, "what does it all mean?"

Iris took two letters from the mantle. She gave one to Ned and one to Mrs.



"Why are you here alone?"

Moore. Her husband looked over her shoulder. The letter was addressed to Dear Daddy and Mummy—I cannot explain in a letter why I was compelled to leave Ned. Some day I will make you understand and forgive. Please be good to dear Ned and love.

YOUR LITTLE JUNE.

"Here's the man!" shouted Ned, his voice full of sudden fury. He held a pair of gloves in one hand and a card in the other. "These are June's gloves. They were lying on the table, and this card was in them!"

"They're my gloves!" called Iris, but

Ned laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroidered bits of white kid.

"Now, I'll tell you," went on Ned. "This man, Gilbert Blye, whose name I now know for the first time, was with her from the moment she left me until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Farnville he was seen assisting June on the down train. I saw them myself through the car window talking together. I want to find Gilbert Blye! Are you hiding him too?" And he turned savagely on Iris.

Bobbie lounged forward. "That'll do, Ned," he warned. "Iris, call June."

"June!" They heard Iris throwing doors open and running through the house, calling June. Ned darted up the stairs, but in the hall Iris met him with a frightened face. "She is gone!"

They all searched for her then, but there was no trace of her.

## CHAPTER III.

MRS. GILBERT BLYE was in a shrill voiced converse with a big green parrot, which, from length and sharpness of nose and height of eye arches, might have been a sister to her. A maid announced that some one had wanted to see Mr. Blye, and, since he was not at home, would Mrs. Blye care to say where he was? He came to New York on an early train.

Mrs. Blye rose instantly. She sailed straight into the hall and confronted



Mrs. Gilbert Blye Was In Shrill Voice Converse With a Big Green Parrot.

The five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?"

"Yes," Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him."

"I am Mrs. Blye. Is there anything I can do for you?" The lady was studying the group with a shrewlike penetration. Mrs. Blye began to worry herself. Also she began to suspect. That last was her specialty. "If you will tell me the nature of your business with Mr. Blye I may be able to locate him."

"I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips squaring.

"Oh!" And Mrs. Blye's voice rose. "Your daughter?" She glared at them for a moment. "Will you please wait?" she asked and sailed back through the hall. They could hear her sharp voice telephoning. She had called her husband's club, and they heard her exclaim indignantly. "Where, Sherry's?" She was back, blazing. She had her hat in her hand. "He's at Sherry's," she shrieked.

An electric coupe stood at the door. She slammed into that, turned on the lights and rolled away with as much vigor as was in the capacity of her machine. Bobbie's runaway darted after her and passed her, and then came the limousine with Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Ned.

Poor June! It had been hard for her to leave those beloved voices down there in the library, but she had made up her mind very firmly that neither she nor Ned could be happy if she was always to feel that she was a chattel. She ran back to the desk for Ned's photograph, then stepped lightly out on the tiny side porch, jumped down to the little embankment and fled, as light as a thistle-down, along the side of the house and out at the little grocer's gate.

Where now should she go? The apartments, their home, hers and Ned's! She hurried up in that direction, but at the first corner she stopped for an instant and darted over toward Broadway. She had realized three things almost simultaneously—first, that they might come out of the Blethier house at any instant and see her; second, that she had no key and, third, that Ned might come there. It would be the most likely place for him to go in his loneliness.

In fond memory, stopping at the first drink corner, she went over each of the dear rooms, furnished just to fit her and delight her—the white and gold reception room, the white and rose drawing room, the white and black library, the white and blue bedroom, the all white kitchen. She saw Ned in every room and herself there. Now flushed and happy she was experimenting with the toy range, now they were dining together all alone. She was playfully feeding Ned, and he was seasoning the meal with stolen kisses, walking clear around the table to get them. They were spending an evening of blissful companionship in the library.

She suddenly held her handkerchief to her mouth to choke back a sob. On Broadway she hailed a passing taxi.

All was sparkling at Sherry's, but Gilbert Blye had taken small share in the hilarity. He had risen to go when

(Continued on Page Three)

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